FISHERMEN AND CRAZY POETS

Volume I

Poems Sent into the Cosmos & Astral Realms

- Brian Edwards

1.

Where Shadows Appear :

You are no illusion of time
nor are you
but a reflection
in the mirror of a sage
you are two eyes
that haunt me
in the darkness
lips that kiss
and poison my favorite flowers
the serpents
consider you a goddess
the crows ..... a Witch Queen
you are no illusion
of the hourglass
nor of the ballerina figurine
your essence may be felt
and realized
in many ways
and in many places
where shadows appear
and prevail over the light

***

- 2/16/2025

2.

I have spent this night
out on my balcony
listening to the stars singing
though one might believe
that we are strangers
to each other
we have never been
strangers to each other
from my very first
breath in this world
to my very last
the stars and I
have known each other
and on my balcony
I listen to them singing
in remembrance
of our fellowship

***

- 2/16/2025

3.

The Cold Wind :

When you left
you did not say goodbye
but you left
a thousand memories
burning like fires
in a dark nightly forest
in my own dreams
I thought I might
find escape
yet you found me there to
your reflection
is always there
day and night
like a black Sun
like a crimson Moon
when you left
you did not say goodbye
perhaps because you knew
that in my heart
and mind
you would never leave
perhaps you knew
that a man
can be haunted
in many ways
perhaps you knew then
that your voice
would always find my ears
carried upon the cold wind
always and ever
upon the cold wind

***

- 2/16/2025

4.

At last I am shown
the way forward
yet I cannot walk it yet
my feet are bruised
my flesh has been pierced
by worldly thorns
yet at last
I am shown the way
it is only
a matter of time
before I embark on my journey
in a twilight hour
of azure and orange sky
or a sunrise
of bursting yellow radiance
it is only a matter of time
the hour and the day
of my journey forward
is already chosen
I myself do not know
when it is
the sky will reveal it to me
when my eyes behold it
I will finally know

***

- 2/16/2025

5.

I am a painter
that paints with moonlight
when the skies are clear
and the stars are out
I am inspired
when the celestial choirs
are heard
when the rings of Saturn
are aglow
I can hear the muse
whispering in my ear
I am a painter
with the moonlight I paint
landscapes and seascapes
flower arrangements
and city scenes
when the skies are clear
I fill my chalice
with the light of the stars
and paint with the light
of the Moon

***

- 2/15/2025

6.

And as quietly
as I go
there will be thunder
heard off to the west
in the late hour
yet I will cross
the fields in darkness
the rain of summer
is no stranger to me
I will move
in the direction
of the thunder
I will move
towards the lightning
and all that it reveals

***

- 2/16/2025

7.

I awoke
perhaps a little too soon
yet the world demands
my presence
at a particular place
at a particular time
I try to shake off sleep
yet it does not go easily
it clings to me
as I look out my window
and behold
such a sunrise in the east
my presence is demanded somewhere
I must not pretend
that time is like a river
though time is like a river
flowing and flowing
out to the bigger sea
the sea is like
all time that has ever been
to which the river flows
the river that is as time is
naturally flowing
gracefully flowing
as the Sun rises

***

- 2/17/2025

8.

This winter in particular
seems to have
so much cold wind
to unleash upon us
I cannot fathom why
perhaps an arrangement
has been made
between the sky
the sea
and the mountains
perhaps we needed
to feel so much cold wind
for some cause
some reason
we do not yet understand
the reason
is elusive to me
yet the cold winds
of winter are not
and so I count the days
until spring arrives
perhaps only then
will I realize
and understand at last

***

- 2/17/2025

9.

I have seen them again
the islands in the sky
where palm trees sway
in a breeze
above the clouds
where dreams
have materialized
in the heavens
when our radios receive
the songs of anointed choirs
when the sea and the sky
cease to be separate
atmosphere and waves
blended together
like colors
on a painter's palette
and far off in the distance
a familiar city appears
from out of the sun-glare

***

- 2/17/2025

10.

I laugh
at this current lack
of symmetry
yet I would also laugh
if it were overflowing
in abundance as well
and I often see
the streets of Rome
when I look
into the morning fog
I often find myself
hearing flutes playing
when it looks like
the sky has been painted
here we are
where and when
the statues stare at us
with crazy eyes
here we are
far from where
the eagles fly

***

- 2/18/2025

11.

It is a somber Autumn
is it not
nothing glows
with much vibrancy anymore
and the leaves
have mostly changed color by now
we are awaiting
the frost
the cold wind
its arrival is imminent
we feel as if summer
is a hundred years away
as we look upon calendars
with distain or mistrust
the seasons scatter their omens
like seeds cast upon the dirt
we will awaken one morning
and feel winter's harshness
we know that we
can do nothing
to change this
we dance with fate
even when we feel
too weary to dance

***

- 2/18/25

12.

In the winter
I find
that I sometimes dream
of a solitary flower
alone
on a deserted island
surrounded by
a calm sea
of the morning
I do enjoy
when I dream this dream
and I often wonder
why it is
that it visits me
so often
on those cold nights
of winter

***

- 2/21/2025

13.

I'm not really
trying to see
yet the eyes
see what they see
the gondolas there
emerging from the sunlight
the ancient city
that sleeps
slowly awakens
the cycles beginning anew
the world has turned
and it is back
to where the sunlight inspires
on this day
on this day
like so many others
I crown coffee
the king of salvation
and the gondolas
look so lovely
out there on the water
at dawn

***

- 2/18/2025

14.

I am out here singing
in the morning light
I sing with the birds
as the birds proceed in doing
what the birds
have always done
since the very beginning
of their time
on this blue sphere
in the Cosmos
as I watch the sunrise
as I watch
this particular sunrise
it is as I now possess
the memory
of countless sunrises before it
within this light
there is light of the present
and light of the past
a light that still shines
from the very beginning
it is still there
it still shines
able to reach us
those of us
who do enjoy
singing along
with the morning birds
every now and then

***

- 2/18/2025

15.

The muse
sings to me now
sings to me
of violet skies
sings to me
of radiant stars
of bridges
that can be crossed
from one world
to another
the muse sings
the muse sings
to me now
in the morning light
that shines across
the great valley
that shines down
upon the sea
the muse sings
and the birds
fly away with her words
spreading across
all corners of the globe
in the morning light
that shines today
and in the morning light
that is yet to be seen

***

- 2/28/2025

16.

Life can be
a slippery slope
that's how it can be
when I feel it
becoming too much
I head down to the sea
I go there and watch
the breaking waves
I go there and simply feel
the ocean's timeless ways
when I need to
fix my nerves
I go down to the shore
and there I know I'll find
the cure I need and more
and then I'll be
singing away
singing away
the rest of the day
down along the sunny coast
where all of this life
makes sense to me the most

***

- 2/18/2025

17.

I sit
I sit alone
I sit underneath the tree
made of stone
and then I fly
fly like the sparrow
fly like an arrow
and then I drift
drift like a reed upon water
I drift and drift
in the stream of time
that can never be obtained
I drift.... through this time
not alone
there are many others
who are drifting
in this world where a few
perceive a piano melody
carried upon the wind

***

- 2/19/2025

18.

As I sit here
on my front porch
among the flower pots
that seem ancient
the wind chime becomes
a Delphic oracle
each chime
is a hidden prophecy given
it seeps into
my subconscious mind
when the time is right
it will awaken
within me
and be revealed
I will possess knowledge
of much importance
only no one will believe me
because so little
is spoken of anymore
that carries the weight
of a Delphic oracle
the world is too far gone
in its own complacency
it does not
give much credence
to the prophecies of old men
sitting on front porches
among flower pots
that seem ancient

***

- 2/19/2025

19.

I sing to the ocean
as the Sun rises
over this corner of the Earth
my voice skips
upon the waves
perhaps reaching Portugal's shores
I could not say
the ocean will reveal
such things to me
in its own good time
as the sky grows brighter
and the seagulls take to flight
this stretch of New Jersey shore
is my sanctuary
from all the world
that lies beyond
it is sunrise and I am here
singing my song to the sea
and in turn I listen
to the rhythm of the waves
in this rhythm I begin
to sense the vastness
of the Atlantic before me

***

- 2/19/2025

20.

Walking alone
into the fog
disappearing in Timbuktu
feeling a bit out of place
but then wasn't I always
seeking that lifestyle
that mindset
that makes me feel content
walking along the edge
of an epiphany
seeing and feeling
its glow
but not quite
realizing it
still reminiscing too much
about Timbuktu
changed forever by a place
a moment in time
feeling blessed
feeling blessed
by a chance encounter
with the Moon

***

- 2/19/2025

21.

They say that our Sun
is not even
that big of a star
let that sink in
the next time
the sunlight
is shining through
the windshield
at a traffic light
and I'm guessing
that some day
the nature of time and space
will have a secret to tell
once the proverbial apple
falls from the tree
and hits a skeptic
on the head

***

- 2/19/2025

The morning Sun
shines its poetry of light
over the tops of trees
and down the cold streets
of this February
in the great sea of time
as those that are awake
go forth
to make of the day
what they can
while those still asleep
reside a little while longer
upon the shores
of the dreamworld
if the poetry
of the morning Sun
does not find them this day
it will find them
upon another
as birds gather
in the tree branches
singing to the blue sky

***

- 2/20/2025

23.

I do not see this disorder
as only disorder
I see it as time's breath
upon the sandy shore
and the salty sea
I see visions out there
where Sun touches wave
in that glaring sparkle
can be found
can be seen
a horizon that extends
far beyond the Earth
a timeless magic
weaved into the tapestry
of each moment's
ethereal and elemental form
in truth.... I see order here
I hear music
a symphony of clouds

***

- 2/20/2025

Listening to the silence
of the Moon
remembering the voice and the face
of an old flame
time had parted us long ago
and I am partially within
the dreamworld now
yet still mostly awake
I am able to shift between
conceptions of different realities
there is a bat
circling the streetlight close by
it is drawn to the light
searching for Nirvana
and I am still listening
to the silence of the Moon
I to am searching for Nirvana
going into the dreamworld
a little more now
hoping to find it there
that place where the Moon
is full of music and poetry

***

- 2/23/2025

The forms are here
all the forms are here
the ways and means
to conceive of
the most eloquent riddles
paradoxes will be examined
and most all of them solved
revealed in their
hidden simplicity
by means of an esoteric form
of mathematics
vivid dreams
will sneak into our minds
at the dinner table
and at local cafes
we will sense that something
has changed in a big way
as the coyotes
are out there prowling
as the ravens sleep
as vampires emerge
from dark unexpected places
we did not believe
in such things
when we were younger
modern society
tries to keep us
ignorant about many things
we'll go wander
through the valley
of the obsidian sunflowers
then we'll build
a campfire
drink wine
and tell stories
of the old days
that still enchant us

***

- 2/21/2025

A bird
is out here
in the forest
singing rather loudly
it's as if
it wants to be heard
by all the world
even though
it is hidden
from the world
out here in the forest
the best world
if you ask me

***

- 3/1/2025

- Pine Barrens, NJ

Sometimes
the world tries
to steal your soul
to further
its worldly ambition
if this should happen
you must steal it back
ideally at a moment
when the world is distracted
perhaps at a moment
when it's looking
at itself in the mirror
this probably happens
very frequently
when it does
seize the moment
and take back your soul

***

- 3/1/2025

- Pine Barrens, NJ

The flowing
of the Mullica River
sometimes reminds me
of the flowing of time
what was
what could have been
what is still yet to be
is reflected
in the flowing river
intermingled
with the reflection
of clouds
trees ..... and the morning Sun

***

- 3/1/2025

- Pine Barrens

Saturday morning
out here
by the flowing river
a muse is out here
disguised as a songbird
sunlight touches
the flowing river
as does the Moonlight
when I am not around

***

- 3/1/2025

- Pine Barrens, NJ

So I do
So I do
see the magical city out there
there just beyond
that row of trees
out there
on the other side
of the river
sometimes I feel
that I could fall asleep out here
and enter
the river's own dream

***

- 3/1/2025

- Pine Barrens

31.

I dance when you dance
and sing when you sing
conjurer on moonlight mirages
I follow you down
the hidden paths of night
searching for
a shining philosophy
for an alchemy of roses
beneath bright constellations
I will follow you
as you see a vision.... a mirage
of the flowing Nile
with astral wings
we shall soar
up to the moonlit clouds
all the timepieces
in the world
cannot hold us back
nor bring us back
to the drudgery
of modern normalcy
if we are mad
we shall be joyfully mad
we shall hear celestial choirs
when others only hear
the night owl

***

- 2/21/2025

32.

I am waiting
for the Sistine Chapel
to appear in my living room
I went on a journey
through the night
and before the sunrise
I discovered that such a thing
was feasible
I know that eternity exist
and that it has
an extravagant cloak
I have seen
many fascinating flowers
that I hadn't seen before
in the dreamworld
we can find
a tiny bit of our destiny
in the sunrise
atmosphere of shining light
mirages taking on solid form
becoming more than mirages

***

- 2/20/2025

33.

The government is wisest
when it admits
it is not wise
and such moonlight
falls upon the flowers tonight
it seems I can
see the world
through the lens
of a first time seer tonight
as our beautiful wishes
and our aspirations ascend
eventually ..... I will sail
upon the galleons
that sail to the very edge
of the known world
I will hurl
a message in a bottle
into the void
only I know
what the message says
until it is found someday
washed ashore upon
a distant world
found and read by one
who seeks the clarity
of a truer awakening

***

- 2/22/2025

34.

I am telling you
what the ocean said to me
word for word
each line was breathed
of salty air
I myself am merely
visiting this world
I am from an astral world
of radiant ..... glaring snow
in my world
there are weights and measures
being tossed about in the winds
there are islands
of the purest ..... brightest light
amidst seas of ice
here in your world
I can listen to your ocean
and hear it speaking
its voice is that of salt
and memory of storm clouds
if you wish it
I can transcribe
its eloquent verses
I can relay to you
what your ocean
has been saying to you
through the mingling
of its waves with the winds
through its swaying motions
when the Sun
is at just the right degree
in the yonder above

***

- 2/22/2025

35.

I am not
walking upon air
the very essence of eternity
grounds me
I do not seek
the hopes of dreams
I cast into the Sun
I walk upon
the bright beach sand
I feel it erasing
the memories
I do not want or need
I behold the horizon
through a spyglass
I see a realm there
that is the distant future
we are moving
ever closer to it
hour by hour
yet it still remains
elusive and so far away

***

- 2/22/2025

Her dark eyes
were like
a storm at sea
that I was cast into
I have been
washed ashore
each day of my life
ever since

***

- 2/23/2025

37.

Once time brought me
a vase of flowers
I said thank you
and wandered off
towards a solar eclipse
time caught up with me
the next day
as I was alone
out in a desert
and handed me
a single orchid
I said thank you
and wandered off
towards a horizon
of stars

***

- 2/23/2025

39.

The infinite night
is upon us
as we gather roses
the infinite night
is a star's dream
made reality
in the infinite night
the Moon will appear
as an oasis of our longing
in the infinite night
shadows will whisper
into the ears of lanterns
in the infinite night
wolves will howl
from hour to hour
in the infinite night
the green grass
will be replaced
by the withered plateau
in the infinite night
serenity will be found
when our thoughts
drift towards
the constellations

***

- 2/23/2025

40.

Out here by the ocean
a clearer perspective
comes into view
the ocean often has a way
of giving you
a more accurate sense
of placement
each wave
that washes up on the beach
is telling you something
eventually
you will learn to listen
it will become
second nature to you
in its own good time
and each sunrise
over the ocean
that you behold
will be like a photograph
that you keep
and carry with you
down the many roads
of your life

***

- 2/24/2025

41.

Something out of nothing
may arise
if the conditions are right
if the tide is high
if the Moon is full
and glows
with a pale tranquility
something out of nothing
may arise
may bring wonder
to an isolated field
a small village
a ship at sea
when things line up
just right
miracles can appear
like butterflies
on a summer's afternoon

***

- 2/24/2025

42.

Alas this fallen snow
is but the season breathing
in the way that it does
savor the sight of it all
paint it now while you can
if you're a painter
alas this fallen snow
is the tapestry
of the season
let it enchant you
if you are one
who is still able
to be enchanted
take notice of the details
of the individual snowflakes
on your windows
each one
is a unique form
of what the season
has imagined

***

- 2/24/2025

I have seen the gibbous Moon
ascend brightly
over the silvery meadows
when a dream vapor
drifts in the air
I have seen it
through all the obscurity
the lantern flame
of that ancient poetry
light that holds within
light that carries outward
the essence
of that ancient mingling
that ancient sacrament
of words and visions
when we read the words
it's as if we exhale
a sacred incense
into the night
that is full of memory
and wonder

***

- 2/25/2025

44.

I fly with
the armada of swans
towards the bright Full Moon
up there in the heavens
an oasis of tranquility
as the vast sea of stars
sparkles tonight
I fly with the swans tonight
and let go
of my worldly concerns
as orchestras are playing
across the cosmic radio
as tulips are growing
upon the plateaus of Mars
I fly with the swans tonight
I fly with the swans
to the shores
upon the Moon

***

- 2/25/2025

45.

Field of stars
I walk amidst
your nebula grass
gathering orchids
for my vase of coral
immaculate cradle of creation
field of stars
you are a dream
dreamt by many
realized in beauty
and starlight
field of stars
you are the beginning
of new worlds
grassy sea of cosmic time
enchanter of the enchanted
here where roses last
for a billion years

***

- 2/25/2025

Candle in the Moonlight
candle in the fog
candle in the snow
candle in the twilight
how you seem
like every pleasant dream
I've ever had
in a single flame
and it amazes me to know
that your world
and my world
are the same
candle of the dawn
you bring sanctity
to the new day
candle of the ocean
you are the one
I always follow
a perfect point of light
amidst waves

***

- 2/25/2025

47.

Upon this night
the roses
are reaching for Venus
upon this night
the orchids
are reaching for Neptune
the tides roll in
and then roll back out
something of the essence
of Moonlight
washes ashore upon the beaches
tonight I am the same man
upon this night
the starlight
has caused a change in me
when I hear
with my own ears
the music of the Atlantic
upon this night
when flowers are reaching
for worlds beyond

***

- 2/26/2025

48.

Last night I experienced
an avalanche
of my own thoughts
the mind was as
a raging sea
in the North Atlantic
waves crashed over
the weathered boards
of old docks
for so long lashed
by temperamental weather
such was my mind
a tempest
where magicians and alchemist
performed their crafts
and played their flutes
in the howling winds

***

- 2/26/2025

Now in this summer
now upon this night
when the flowers are touched
by the light
of celestial candles
this starry summer night
the clear sky
of this summer night
is a sanctuary
away from the confusion
of all worldly commercialism
upon this summer night
when the stars greet us
with their brightness
I go along
as I go along
as the summer breeze
sways and guides me
I go along
content and pleased
upon this summer night
under the heaven's candles

***

- 2/26/2025

50.

Those battles of the mind
I've been
in my share of those
voices strafing me
like World War I biplanes
like The Red Baron himself
in fields of grass
and dandelions
yet the pale Moon
would always seem
to sing pale sonnets
in pale Moonlight
when the stars were out
and back in the day
I would fill trash cans
with empty beer bottles
bracing myself
numbing myself
to go up against
The Red Baron
in the fields of spring
when my mind
felt like the Western Front

***

- 2/27/2025

I don't need it
I don't need any of that
the alarm clock disturbing
my dream reality
I choose to remain
in this reality
of obscuring mist
I choose a new day
in a new land
not another redundant day
in the same old land
I want to see iguanas
on my kitchen table
I want to see parakeets
by the jar
where I keep my tea
I do not want
another day
at an office desk
thinking about something mundane
I want to stay
in my dream reality
where the stars never fade
with the light of a new day

***

- 2/25/2025

52.

We are still together
at a specific point
in time are we not
when sonnets fell from the sky
like obsidian comets
we shall know again
how it was then
under those stars
of madness and love
we shall feel it again
the sacredness
of the interstellar light
I shall look
into your eyes again
and see eternity
and see my own madness
the love will appear
before my eyes
as an orchid
the two of us together
living these moments forever
somewhere in time's ocean

***

- 3/5/2025

53.

Some regions of the Earth
are wastelands
full of ancient sonnets
that failed
in their intention
sometimes the heart
is drawn towards
the flower with
the sharpest thorns
some of us
still frequent
these regions of the Earth
where sonnets are scattered
in ruin
because we sympathize
with the atmosphere
we have known
the intention of the sonnets
ourselves at one time
and mostly we feel
it's all a hopeless
effort of futility
we understand
that sonnets will never
disappear from the world

***

- 2/28/2025

54.

Beholding the last fog
of a gilded age
time is never truly
a stationary thing
time moves like
a great big river
flowing down from a mountain
whatever has existed before
whatever will be after
has flowed.... will flow
down the river
as radios and imagination
can be used to
go beyond the textbook
definition
of what reality
truly means
whether from our most
humble igloos
or from our most
extravagant towers
the boundary that
we must go beyond
is one and the same
we must ponder new trajectories
we must build steeples
and totem poles
we must see ourselves
imagine ourselves
a thousand years
in the future
whatever will be
the ocean
the Moon
the Sun
the flowers
the mountain snow
they will all be a part
of our future time
so let us rejoice
and drink wine

***
- 3/1/2025

55.

The muse speaks
the night speaks
infinity speaks
flowing over
riverbeds of pebbles
gardenias touched by sunlight
as the muse speaks
as poems and birdsongs
fill the morning air
as time does not seek
to contain itself
and just as a mirror
can reflect
our momentary expressions
so to can the still water
of a pond
out beyond
the horizon of trees
we shall keep
our eyes open
looking out for
those immaculate stars
that are themselves
light of revelation

***

- 3/1/2025

So do they speak
through the moonlight
upon the ocean breeze
tonight
words..... rhymes
musings
the very beginning
when a sacred light
touched the ancient water
Moon..... giver of songs
songs that drift
upon waves
waves that glow onward
toward the shores
of the enchanted kingdom

***

-3/1/2025

57.

In my messy apartment
I keep stacking books
higher and higher
one day soon
they might collapse
they might collapse on me
trapping me
in my own messy world of books
yet somehow
I cannot seem
to think with clarity
or reason about this
I keep stacking the books
higher and higher
these are my current reads
and the stack
keeps getting higher and higher
and every time
I sit in my reading chair
right next to the stack of books
I know that I'm tempting fate
yet I cannot seem to escape
this inevitable destiny

***

- 3/1/2025

58.

It's really something else
the way things
go to pieces
get scattered
get tossed up into the sky
landing on ice fields
left out in the Moonlight
the world seems
to seek its own
justification for folly
it's really something else
as I'm getting older
I'm realizing more and more
the cycle of things
like big wooden wheels
the size of windmills
nothing around us here
is a forever song
especially when
the big wooden wheels
get to rolling
in the Netherlands
and from there
they keep rolling on
over and over
history going in circles
time spinning like a wheel

***

- 3/2/2025

59.

Taking notice
of my expressions
the cold night winds
the lack of fireflies
an old family radio
playing symphonies
who is taking notice
is anyone taking notice
the lack of fireflies
winter has not
unleashed its grip
as of yet
my expressions sway
like reeds of the marsh
I sleep upon
a clay floor
that I've imagined
I will be going down
to the shore of the sea
very soon
to behold
that horizon that I love
I will be carrying with me
a lantern
that will light the path
the cold winds may howl
yet what can one do
they will never be tamed
until winter unleashes its grip
and the first flowers appear
in this humble
corner of creation

***

- 3/2/2025

60.

Yesterday afternoon
I saw seven hawks
circling in the sky
sometimes in that
same spot
I've seen two
maybe three at most
seven all together
circling around up there
was the most
I've ever seen
at one time
what does this mean
are the hawks going hungry
gathering together
in raiding parties
what does this signify
ill omens in the sky

***

- 3/2/2025

61.

I awaken
just as the sea awakens
both of us
have a vision
that seeks out
the mystical light
of a sunrise
both of us
are very familiar
with that kind of light

***

- 3/3/2025

62.

Here in the land
where the shadows glow bright
here in the land that exist
in the obscurity
that lies between the day
and the night
here in this land
that seems unreal
yet in some ways
more real than any other
here in the forest
of mist shrouded trees
here in the land
where meadows breathe
and whisper enchanting rhymes
here in the land
where the Sun
is never golden
where the Moon is always
in its crescent form
here in the land
where the shadows glow bright
here in the land
that touches not the day
nor the night
here in the land
where you may hear
the singing of birds
or you may not
they choose
who they sing to
and they know
when you approach them
they know when you are near

***

- 3/3/2025

63.

O'shall we see
the tea leaf
floating down
the night's glowing river
glowing with
centuries of wishes
wishful words
spoken to the water
O'shall we hear
cacophony
of the speaking reeds
and tall grass
verses of the owl
also touch the flowing water
the symmetry of creation
here it is
as a symphony
of wisdom and time

***

- 3/3/2025

64.

Each of us
can hear a muse
a muse that can
light the flame
the world tries
to tell us
that this isn't so
there are many
in the world
that peddle an agenda
of division and darkness
those are the ones
who do not
hear a muse
they wouldn't
even know how
to listen anymore
the world goes on spinning
day becomes night
and night returns
to day
and that first sunlight
that touches
the world
is stronger than anything
that we can imagine

***

- 3/4/2025

65.

So shall the light
of another realm
bind us
create bonds of radiance
between us
brighter than stars
so shall the flowers
that we've dreamt of
for all this time
grow again
upon the Earth

***

- 3/4/2025

66.

Let the music
fill you with the moonlight
I've travelled
every which way
and have found
only deserts
in more ways than one
I believe that something
is brewing in the air
storm clouds
Krakatoa
it resembles volcanic ash
I have seen things
I wouldn't have
previously believed
yet there it was
bright as Proxima Centauri
I have seen
an oasis of sunflowers
in a place
where poetry
mingles with the soil
I have seen
the old ending
and the new beginning
I have seen
what it looks like
when miracles
are covered up
by the government
I have seen
such foggy nights
when the streetlights
reminded me
of the old gaslights
of London

***

- 3/5/2025

67.

The long lasting
flowing
like a stream
like a ripple in a pond
the radio signal
out in interstellar
time and space
the possibility
of what we could imagine
and I am here
one morning
in late winter
I'm waiting to see
the fireflies again
I am looking for
astrology to return
with celestial applause
and wonder
I am waiting
for the constellations
to give me the sign
that mythology is boundless

***

- 3/5/2025

68.

We settle into
the hours of night
when the vines grow
a little higher
up these walls
we can feel it
we can sense it
we perceive it
an hour
an hour that is
of the night
the stars reveal themselves
in this hour
Saturn is up there
among them
we do not notice
the flowers
quite as easily as we do
during the hours
of the day
this is not an hour
of flowers
it is an hour of night
an hour of stars
an hour of sonnets
and balconies
in moonlight

***

- 3/5/2025

69.

A Poetry Beacon By the Sea : March 6, 2025

When I am not
wasting away
at my nine to five day job
I am a beacon keeper
I keep a beacon by the sea
a poetry beacon
I send poems out
beyond this world
I signal to all the Cosmos
and all the Astral Realms
that poetry survives
here on planet Earth
that poetry is still going here
and for them
not to write us off just yet
poetry here
is still upon the minds of many
still within the soul of many
this world does not always
recognize its significance
yet it is still going here
it is still being
scribbled down in notebooks
and upon scraps of paper
it is still flowing
from the fountains
of our imaginations
when I am not
at my nine to five day job
I work to keep
my poetry beacon glowing
to send the poetry
out beyond
so that out there
they may know
that poetry on planet Earth
continues on

***

- 3/6/2025

I sometimes wonder
how many there are
left out there
in this world
that are still receiving
the messages from the stars
the years go by
the world changes
sometimes more slowly
sometimes much more quickly
I believe
with technology
expanding out in all directions
like a flood
sometimes the old learning
the older methods
the old way of things
gets lost ..... gets covered over
and hidden
in all the ruckus
of technological change
the world was once
as a swaying willow
in the wind
now it is as
some metallic contraption
of industry
noisy .... soul-dulling
in constant need of oil
and replacement parts
and I know that
the messages from the stars
are still out there
flowing from eternal beings
from eternal minds
there was a time
in this world
where through their perceptions
many in this world
would receive them
and I wonder
every now and again
if this is still occurring
as I know that sometimes
the world changes quickly
some too quickly
in my humble opinion

71.

Awaken me
when the Full Moon
had passed over
there should be enough time
to shake off dream essence
from the mind
awaken me
when eternal oceans
are shrouded in mist
as the first light
appears to the east
this would be
a good time
to shake off
the dream essence
and watch as it drifts
out over the waves
moving towards
another shore

***

- 3/6/2025

Of the Dark Vine :

Here in the nightly hour
of the dark vine
with the Moon
perched crescent
and with an odd symmetry
here in the nightly hour
of the crows dream
here so close by
the flowing stream
of miracle water
now of the soil
of the roots
deep and holding
much wisdom
ancient trees
that surmise a change
in the winds
when sonnets and stars
glow like pearls of night
where candles bright
in a window
summon the night owl
and the mouse stirs
with but little
Byzantine magic
here in the nightly hour
when dream-mist rises
over the meadows
as Orion can be seen
above the sunflowers
in darkness
and the Moon is perched
like a witch's ornament
summoning a vision
in the black mirror

***

- 3/6/2025

73.

Sea Above the Sea : 3/7/2025

We shall rise
from the sea of the sea
from the sea
above the sea
where clouds
touched and glowing
by the dawn's light
pass us by
we shall rise
from the sea of the sea
as immaculate visions
appear before our eyes
in small clearings
in the pine forest
we shall rise
from the sea
above the sea
where cathedrals
of the clouds
are glaring bright
where and when
their music is as light
to the eyes that behold
true revelation
before them

***

- 3/7/2025

Vines of the Truths We Seek : 3/7/2025

Vines of the truth we seek
growing across the land
growing towards where
the beacon stands
that shines such light
out upon the eternal sea
vines of the old ways
and vines of the new
growing ..... spreading
across the land
regarding our eyes
with the sight
of immortal dreams
where the beacon stands
there by the edge
of the sea
the sky is as
an amphitheater of golden light
and the sound
of breaking waves
the vines of the truths we seek
have reached their journey's end
they can expand no further
than the edge of the sea
they grow along the walls
of the ancient beacon that stands
and shines such light
out upon the eternal

***

- 3/7/2025

Moon of the Dove's Song : 3/7/2025

Moon of the dove's song
above in a sky
without wind
a calm sea
a quiet field
tranquility
has descended from paradise
and fallen upon
this small
little corner of the world
where blades of grass
in a field
do not move
and another
and another
completely still
in the absolute silence
of everything
but for the dove's song
the dove's song
of the Moon

***

-3/7/2025

Here I go
out into the falling rain
the keeper of a lighthouse
the sea-mist is rolling in
the passage of time
is obscured
nothing is foreseen
all prophecy has gone dark
shadows carrying lanterns
lanterns glowing
through the sea-mist
in a twist of fate
the lighthouse shines
so as to signal
the mariners
the rain is falling heavy
washing away
the false illusions
that I've carried around
for many years

***

- 3/7/2025

77.

Can we hear them
can we hear them now
the shining phonographs
the ones that hover
float..... drift
in the sky
yes..... I am speaking of those
the shining phonographs
drifting in the sky
and how we
can hear them now
how we can hear them
along the coast of Maine
and beyond
the music itself
is of an antiquated style
yet we are familiar with it
we know it quite well
and we are
well pleased by it
if it had to be
that it was our destiny
to hear
shining phonographs
floating ..... drifting
hovering in the sky
then we are glad
that they are playing
that they are playing
that beloved music
from the Jazz Age
the Gilded Age
we are glad for it
as these hovering phonographs
shine like diamonds
in a clear blue sky

***

- 3/8/2025

Ah yes.... the mad ones
the mad ones
that came from the sea
the mad ones
that let their madness age
they let their madness age
like fine wine
and then they came from
out of the sea
all bright with madness
the maddest of them
had eyes that were as bright
shining as stars
and there I was
in the local shore town
by the sea
where there wasn't
much left
of sand .... of dunes
where so much
had been developed
into luxury houses
luxury apartments
sand and dunes developed
obliterated
for the feel of luxury
and there I was
tilling a patch of soil
under a medieval Sun
listening to flutes and lutes
playing across
the atmosphere
sensing ..... somehow sensing
that the arrival
of many mad ones was near

***

- 3/8/2025

It is the Stars that Keep Me Believing : 3/8/2025 :

It is the stars
that keep me believing
and only the stars
when the news media
gives you propaganda
and opinion
and not news anymore
when the politicians
bicker and fight
back and forth
like an endless circus
when the price of everything
seems to never stop climbing
when it's getting harder
and harder
just to merely get by anymore
it is the stars
that keep me believing
keep me believing
that there is something
truly wondrous out there
it is the stars
that keep me believing
that there is
something marvelous
something enchanting
waiting for us out there
calling to us from out there
when the streets
are cold with indifference
when money
and material possessions
are deliberately
made out to seem
like the nexus
of all things
in our journey through
this world
it is the stars
that keep me believing
that there is hope

for a brighter future
those little .... distant
shining lights up there
keep me wondering and believing
the stars scattered across
the tapestry of night
keep me believing
keep me hoping
keep me dreaming
the big dreams
as it all keeps going on and on
as I keep going on
in this world
upon this rock
adrift in space
and the endless sea of time

***

- 3/8/2025

I am certain
that the sea
knows of my existence
surely by now
yes.... yes
I do know this
yes..... I can feel this
I have felt
the soul of the sea
and I have revealed
my own soul to it
and the sea has acknowledged
yes.... I am most certain
as stars adorn
the cathedral heavens
of the night
above the waves
I am certain
that the sea
knows all of me
that the sea
has looked deep
into my soul
and regards me as a friend

***

- 3/10/2025

82.

I Keep the Lantern of Visionary Words : 3/8/2025 :

I keep the lantern
of visionary words
lit upon this stretch of beach
I keep the light
of visionary words
shining out over the ocean
ocean of water
ocean of air and mist
ocean of invisible eternity
I keep the lantern lit
so that the light
of visionary words
may shine and ascend
to the higher realms
of visionary clouds
and atmosphere
I am a beacon keeper
tending to the light
by a sea of water
and by a sea of fog
a fog of many centuries past
I tend to my beacon
so that it stays lit
and the light of visionary words
is there to be seen
for those whose journey
should bring them near

***

- 3/8/2025

83.

I fly with you
now fly with me
night birds of the dream-sea
the sea-waves sparkle
the sea-waves shine
touched by Moonlight
the celestial enchanter
fly with me
fly with me
this is the beginning
of a dream-vision
that will never end
fly with me
let us fly and seek out
those stars up there
those stars of Andromeda
up there
the tapestry of night
a Full Moon of songs

***

- 3/9/2025

84.

Old Wooden Shack by the Sea : 3/11/2025 :

Sunlight shines through
the holes in the wooden walls
not an enormous amount
just enough
to bring light
to where there most likely
would have been
only darkness
from inside of this
old wooden shack by the sea
you can very much
hear the sound of the sea
the waves reaching
the end of their journey
the music of it
drifts through the air
for a short distance
I know the sound
to be very soothing
and nothing more
that is all it needs to be
in this world
the sound of waves
does its small part
to spread tranquility
in this world
if only the sound
could carry much farther

***

- 3/11/2025

85.

I can hear the storm
I can hear the storm
off in the distance
yet it has not arrived yet
off towards the horizon
I can see the lightning flashes
I can hear
the rumble of the thunder
yet where I am
at this moment
the sky is very clear
in the distance
the sky is dark
and ominous
which sky is real
and which one
is an illusion
I ask myself this
I know that
I will most likely
have my answer very soon
here I am walking amidst
the tall grass
bright..... almost glowing
by the light of the Sun
the storm off in the distance
is still off in the distance
it has not arrived here
though it seems to be approaching
here amidst the tall grass

***

- 3/11/2025

86.

It's time to go
time to go
out into the world
that seems to be becoming
more unhinged by the day
and I suppose
that I'm unhinged as well
but what's to be expected
when you're living
in an unhinged world
when you swallow
the hard truth
that all the hope
and follow your dreams talk
is about as real
as unicorns on the Moon
it's time to go
time to go out
into the world
where there were never
any unicorns
and there probably
never will be
the way things are going

***

- 3/11/2025

87.

Sometimes
I hike out
into the forest
and read my poems
to folks on other planets
and that's all
there is to it
there's no great silence
I know they're out there
listening
the big question
is finally answered
no expensive
scientific equipment needed
no government funding
no government at all
none of that
just go out in the forest
and read some poems
that's where you'll find it
the answer
to the big question
that's all we ever had to do

***

- 3/11/2025

88.

Voices speak
the Moon glows
the tide ebbs
inward and outward
civilization ascends
and eventually falters
it is all a part
of a great big wheel
that spins ceaselessly
a wheel that has been
spinning for as long
as we can remember
bringing us high
bringing us low
with its cycles of history
often .... we tend
to forget about it
we actually forget
that it's a wheel
that has been spinning
since our beginning
that is always spinning
out there somewhere
even if we don't see it
even if we don't remember it
the great big wheel
has never forgotten about us
we only choose to look away
some hoping that one day
it will no longer be there
some so distracted
they don't give it
a second thought
until the wheel reappears
and there's no possibility
of denying it

***

- 3/12/2025

89.

I often wonder
if there is a darkness
out there
that seeks to become
entangled with the light
has this been the case
since primordial time
before what is known as time
even began
when there was only
mist and vapor
moving about
in a primordial sea
of something
interacting
mingling
with nothing
a light
and a darkness
from out of somewhere
there lies the mystery

***

- 3/12/2025

Emotions are running high
out there in the world
the atmosphere seems full
of thorns and tainted vinegar
I have always adored candles
revered candles
known them
seen them
felt their presence
they are the miniature starlight
that I yearn for
destiny and time
will flow around us
if it needs to
there is nothing
we can do to impede it
the flicker of a candle
reminds us
of the brightness of a star

***

- 3/13/2025

I can see and feel
the madness out there
in the night
it tries to disguise itself
as something of a false Moonlight
at other times it doesn't even try
to disguise itself at all
there is a lot of commotion
discussion..... diatribes out there
on the airwaves
most of it is madness
or it feeds the madness
or it is regarded as madness by some
but not by others
the madness that disguises itself
as a false Moonlight
do not be deceived
into thinking that this madness
is something that has been
thrust upon us
this is not the case at all
this madness
disguised as a false Moonlight
is of our own making
we ourselves
have brought it into being
and it has lingered
in our atmosphere
year after year
growing stronger
because we have kept feeding it
this madness
of a false Moonlight

***

- 3/13/2025

Who Do I Wish to Be :

Who do I wish to be
I cannot say
in the fog
of this day to day obscurity
yet if I can see through it
just enough
to see a vision or two
I would say
that I would wish to be
an old poet
living in a humble cabin
on the side of a mountain
how I would love
to wake up early
and watch the Sun
rising over mountains
far away from
busy highways
far away
from all that I would seek
to be far away from
how I would wish to be
just an old man
just an old poet
living on the side
of a mountain
writing my poems
rediscovering
with each bright sunrise
over the mountains
the source of my poems

***

- 3/13/2025

93.

This life's shadow
moves across the plateau
it seems like the rains
are a distant memory
so much dust
is swept up
and carried in breeze
this shadow
wanders upon its own path
this shadow
wanders into the frenzy
of all of this confusion
the whispers
are not lost to these ears
I hear them
I hear them every time
I wander upon this plateau
I am waiting
for the night
to bring me a dream
and it feels
that I have been waiting
for so very long

***

- 3/14/2025

94.

Those in know
do not know very much after all
let that sink in
the here and now
where we find ourselves
is a result
of the journey
that we've made
the roads we have taken
have brought us
to the ends
of these particular roads
those in the know
perhaps do know this
yet do they ponder this
in the reflection of this
in a still pond
in a puddle on the ground
after the rains
those in the know
are really not in the know
that's merely an expression
we've worn out over time

***

- 3/14/2025

95.

I wander
this beach of awakening
the Sun
is just beginning to rise
the Moon is still there
to the southward sky
it is slowly fading
out of sight
awaiting the hour
if its return
I wander this beach
it is early
the horizon seems
only halfway materialized
a world just now
coming into focus
as if it were
a painted seascape scene
painted with such imagination
and such longing

***

- 3/14/2025

I saw the truth
glowing as a lantern
upon a rock
protruding from the bay
I recognized it as the truth
right away
it was recognized immediately
by some instinct
that I carry within me
some instinct
that is a part of me
though I do not
fully understand it
or how it is there
I saw the truth
glowing as a lantern
out in the bay
and I knew
that destiny was upon us
and that the darkness
of the night
was powerless in the presence
of such light

***

- 3/14/2025

97.

I have seen
such a mystified light
diminish
and then reappear
the springtime
will bring with it
its flowers
the winter
will bring with it
its kiss of cold wind
I have never seen
through the vision
of a hawk
though I have pondered
such a thing
as I have pondered many things
as I have walked forth
towards the waking horizon
as I have walked back
upon the same path
towards the rising Moon

***

- 3/14/2025

98.

Give us fallen Suns
and arisen Moons
bring us the laughter
heard emerging from the loom
what do the dolphins eyes see
do they ever dream of us
I wish to escape
from this facade
that the media has conjured
with the little darkness
that remains
of the fading night
let us go wildly
and without regret
to where the dawn
shall open the gates
to the kingdom of light

***

- 3/14/2025

99.

When in this world
by night
we follow the stars
to those that do
to those that see
just a little further
than the eyes can see
touched by an awakening
and no shadow
or grim ideology
can make a difference
anymore than
a single grain of sand
upon a beach
when those that follow
the stars
see what they see
when they recognize
beautiful truths
beyond what the eyes can see

***

- 3/14/2025

100.

In these times
try to feel something
which is true
and try feeling something
which is false
and see if you
can tell the difference
when the weathervane
has lost faith in itself
when you look
at a compass
to know which
direction to go
and all it can give
is an educated guess
in these times
try to feel something
which is true
place your trust
in the wind
in which way
the wind blows
the wind
will speak to you truthfully
it was around
long before us
and knows of which it speaks

***

- 3/15/2025

101.

This afternoon
I am listening
to the music
of the sea-spray
there is an enchanting sound
if ever there was one
the music of the sea-spray
imagine it
envision it
what does it reveal to you
what does it
remind you of
those brief
enchanting moments
that the music
of the sea-spray
gives to you

***

- 3/15/2025

Cosmic poetry
is like the light
of a lighthouse
shining out
over a vast sea of beauty
of night
a vast sea of waves
a vast sea of stars
a vast sea
of all that is timeless
cosmic poetry
is like the beacon light
that lets the mariners
out at sea know
that there is poetry
upon these shores

***

- 3/15/2025

Let us believe again
in something
we once believed in
yet that we drifted away from
let us go to the edge of oceans
and speak words of longing
into the sky
let us believe again
let us see the wonders
that we have seen
in our dreams on occasion
that seemed to be
without explanation
let us see them again
let us believe in them now
with a strong belief
let us follow the stars
with our eyes
as they seem to journey
across the sky of the night
let us believe again
let us believe again
in the things that we know
have been lost to us
through the excesses
of our worldliness
let us go this day
to the edge of oceans
and speak words of longing
to the birds
and the clouds

***

- 3/15/2025

If your world
is isolated
adrift in time
and does not speak
to any other worlds
then an isolated reality
is all that you will know
though in truth
you will not know reality
a truer reality
you will see things
with isolated eyes
with an isolated vision
how could you not
it is all that you have known
if your world
is an isolated world
adrift in time

***

- 3/15/2025

105.

Looking for the light
of the Pharaohs
looking for the light
of the kings
the emperors
where is the light
worthy of such names
the deserts are dry
the air is dry
the Moon is up there
glowing
now there is a true Queen
pearl of night
looking for the light
that is worthy
of such names
I keep wandering the land
from ocean's edge
I am following the stars
on their course
through the greater ocean

***

- 3/19/2025

106.

Time is as
a flowing stream
it listens
when we speak
our wishes into the air
it grants them
when it pleases
as we go through
the cycles
of the changing seasons
every year
when often
we find ourselves
speaking our wish
into the air
the winter air
and so forth
we may speak
our wishes
regarding a season
to the air
yet it is
the flowing stream of time
that will make
the final decision
and sometimes it does
grant our wishes
if it pleases
and if it does so
we are filled with joy
and consider it a blessing

***

- 3/16/2025

Called to dream
we are called to dream
by the sea
by the forest
the mountains and the stars
when worldly things
and the like
would try
and commandeer our dreams
they cannot he heard
over the call that finds us
from the natural world
from the heavens
the sea
the forest
the mountains
and the stars
call us to dream
and it is up to us
to but pause a moment
and listen

***

- 3/16/2025

Give us
the immaculate moment
when we behold
the waves breaking
before our eyes
when we are
beside the sea
in body and in spirit
give us the immaculate moment
when we first hear
the seagulls
sea-weathered songs
with each tiny glare
of sunlight ..... a dream
a vision of something wondrous
is crafted
here the light does not end
nor disappear
from the world entirely
this light of ocean glare
is carried far across land
it finds us as we sleep
in early hours
when our world
mingles with the oceans
the shores of other worlds

***

- 3/16/2025

Let us go
let us go
to where the summer
will reveal
its stars to our eyes
let us go to where
Luna may
behold the flowers
let us go to where
we can drift away
into our imagination
for a time
let us go to where
the vines climb
and reach for constellations
let us go to where
the night may reveal
its celestial illusions
let us go out on balconies
and gaze above
uncertain if that
brightest point of light
is Venus or Jupiter
let us go
let us get going
in this hour
this hour of songs
this hour
of the clearest heavens

***

- 3/16/2025

110.

Shadow of the silence
moving about
like a harlequin
down medieval streets
waiting for no one's
sincerest greetings
you do not
care very much
for such things
shadow of silence
thief of wine
sonneteer of the rose
you dance upon raindrops
under the streetlights
glowing magic

***

- 3/16/2025

lll.

Essence of Moon
light that is
the essence of Moon
essence of Moon
that is the memory
of each night
that this Sun
has been seen
essence of Moon
light of
the Sea of Tranquility
light that is of
immortal radiance
essence of Moon
light that is
essence of Moon
light that is
essence of Moon
light that is
the beginning
of something wondrous
every time it is seen

***

- 3/17/2025

112.

Give us illusions
of a future time
that we may place
candles around them
that we may see
with our own eyes
what our hearts
are calling for
give us illusions
give us illusions
that are better
than no illusions at all
give us illusions
so that we may not foresee
the fall
give them to us all
give them to us all
we shall place candles
around them
and flowers
the most beautiful flowers
the ones that catch
the gaze of our eyes

***

- 3/17/2025

The Caterpillars of Night :

O' the caterpillars of night
they rise
they rise
in legions bright
they move onward
they move onward
towards the summertime field
O' the caterpillars of night
they rise
they rise
and wander towards
the fireflies
the legions
of fireflies
in summer night
with Moon aglow and bright
they move onward
towards each other
to form a greater legion
a legion of caterpillar
and firefly as one
moving onward
as one legion
in the summer night
under the bright Moon
and the stars alight

***

- 3/17/2025

By the Willow's Shadow :

Here by the willow's shadow
a gateway lies hidden
there a pathway
a journey
to a realm of stars
that you've seen in your dreams
where time seems
to freeze in place
and it is always
that early hour
between the night
and the day
here amidst this world
with all of its structures
of steel and stone
it is by the humble
shadow of a willow
where lies the threshold
the entrance
to a place beyond our knowing
that calls to us
as a subtle whisper
in our ear
in that early hour
between the night
and the dawn

***

- 3/17/2025

115.

Cathedral of Air : 3/17/2025

Give us this jewel
the dove
the immaculate
island of cloud
give us the airship
to reach
the cathedral of air
blue sky
blue as a tropical sea
give us the wind
so that we may fly
as the sea-lark
give us compositions
of imagined
mythological free-verse
of doves
give us the tulips
of a morning field
give us the Sun
bright .... golden
immortal
give us the noon-sky Sun
give us the memory
of rain
with no rain at all
give us the illusion
of fog
in the clearest of skies
give us the stare
from a raven's eyes
give us this jewel
from the cathedral of air

***

- 3/17/2025

116.

I am observing
and I am listening
to the winter
slowly fading away
like a receding tide
I am observing
and I am listening
to the arrival of spring
I can sense it
just a little
in the shifting
of the wind
I am told about it
through the songs
of morning birds
they are singing
of the approaching
of spring
I can sense it
in the brightness
the light
of each hour
I am sensing
I am observing of spring
every sparrow I observe
sings to me
of this revelation

***

- 3/18/2025

The harmony of stars
I am drifting towards
a waking shore
immaculate
immaculate
the dawn is heralded
by a glow in the east
the stars are now fading
yielding to the hours
of such brightness
the harmony of stars
shall be heard again
when the twilight
yields to
the approach of night
and then I shall drift
drift towards
the immaculate ocean above
the infinite sea
of starlight

***

- 3/18/2025

118.

When the night is dreaming
I sometimes find
that I am dreaming to
yet only sometimes
there are seasons
where the dream
is a stranger to me
where my nights
are as a desert
full of echoes
a horizon of sand
where no vision is conjured
from the Earth
yet on other occasions
when the night
is dreaming
I am swept up
and taken along
like a reed
drifting down a river

***

- 3/18/2025

119.

Give us
this immaculate Moon
pale jewel
celestial light
above Athens
that we may feel
for ourselves
a slight glimpse
at the reflection
of eternity
give us a glimpse
give the purest glimpse
at the tranquility
of this Moon of solitude
as we go about
in this world
of endless motions
this immaculate Moon
above Athens
will awaken within us
many truths
that we've always known

***

- 3/18/2025

120.

I look through
a mirror
not into it
but through it
and there I behold
a garden of time
and there I behold
an infinity
of vines and mushrooms
and there I did behold
a memory
that seemed both unknown
and familiar
as if from a past life
it was both forgotten
and always
present with me
waiting there
in a garden of time
just beyond
through the mirror

***

- 3/18/2025

121.

Beholding this light
this plane of reality
that is light
this plateau
where the imagination
creates light
hearing this silence
that is the silence of light
long have I been
awakening continuously
to this light
dream after dream
vision after vision
long have I wondered
through the garden
of time's essence

***

- 3/18/2025

What are we
getting ourselves into
the acceleration of things
is the vertigo of tomorrow
how the passions
burn like bonfires
boil when it is felt
that the occasion demands it
we are creating for ourselves
some kind of labyrinth
that will only
confuse the hell
out of us
and the truth is
there aren't very many
wizards left
in the world anymore
not of the old school kind
so I cannot say much
about what lies
down the road
we will find ourselves there
eventually
in Sunlight
or in a heavy fog
of our own making
our own conjuring
we wanted to see
how far we could take
the thing
and we'll get our answer
someday
when the winds seek
to inform us
of the hour

***

- 3/19/2025

Poetica 7 3/19/2025 :

I am working towards
creating my own planet
my own world
upon the Astral Plane
I call it Poetica 7
and last night
I added to it
a little beach house
on what I intended to be
something resembling
an island
in the South Pacific
the house is right there
on the beach
the back porch extending out
to where it touches
a very blue sea
there were palm trees
all around
a hammock
an ice cooler
full of cold beer
and I even
brought in a cat
to keep me some company
last night
I remember seeing it
sitting at the edge
of the back porch
that extends right out
to a very blue sea
I saw it sitting there
at the edge
cleaning its paws
occasionally looking up
out over the horizon

***

- 3/19/2025

Briefly ..... briefly
like the flicker
of a candle
it goes
a century
and then another
and we must ask ourselves
what we have done
with our time in the Sun
we must ask ourselves
what we have done
with our time
under the blue sky
like the flicker of a candle
there was a small
tiny fraction of light
there briefly
that brought just a little
bit more light
into this world

***

- 3/20/2025

125.

How we have been
shown the way
yet will we find it
within ourselves
to take the path
that leads to
the brighter valley
or will we continue
to stumble and fall
in the fields
of withering thorns
how we have
been shown the light
the lantern
of a true philosophy
will we take hold of it
and bring it
into our lives
how we have
been shown the way
yet it is up to us
to awaken
or not to awaken
it is up to us
whether to open our eyes
to the sunrise of tomorrow
or close them
and fall back asleep
walking with our eyes closed
into the mist

***

- 3/20/2025

126.

The music
of the hourglass
is a most profound
yet subtle melody
the music of the hour
the melody
of the shadow
or the light
that is approaching
the music of the hourglass
can only be heard
if one is willing
to listen for it
and even then
it is not always easy
as often
it is a most
subtle melody
as profound
as it may be

***

- 3/20/2025

127.

Here at the edge
of the sea
I look out upon
the world
of all of my wishes
here in the last hour
of a fading day
I look out
upon the world
that I have longed
to escape to
when everything behind me
is calamity
when all that is before me
is the sea
is perfection
I look out upon
that horizon
in the fading light
and I await the stars

***

- 3/20/2025

128.

Let us wake up
before sunrise
and go out to the valley
where the stars glow
like candles in the sky
let us get out there early
before the rest
of the world stirs
let us get out there
well before Sunrise
and behold
the celestial candles
let us set our gaze upon
something
so truly remarkable
and heavenly

***

- 3/20/2025

129.

That night
out across the field
I saw the mist
that obscures memory
in such Moonlight
that seemed
so pale and ancient
my own memories
were one with the fog
absolute obscurity
a drifting vapor
all my memory
was as a cloud
fallen to the Earth
there in the field
there in the Moonlight
signifying so many things
that I could not recall

***

-3/20/2025

130.

I seek the songs
of the mermaids
I seek to open my eyes
to awaken
in the morning
to illusions
of the finest beauty
so much in this world
is very limited
in how far it can reach
towards the shores
of the imagination
the ocean
of the imagination
I seek to open my eyes
in the morning
and to behold
and truly feel
the Sunlight
of the imagination

***

- 3/21/2025

131.

These dark eternal waters
these dark eternal waves
a sea of wine
I am taken to the shore
compelled
both in my waking state
and in my dreams
sea of wine
dark eternal waves
you appear
as the only truth
that is boundless
that is limitless to me
you have arisen
into creation
from out of a dream
of time itself
you revealed yourself
to the Sun and Moon
and now it is
the Sun and Moon
that love to
reveal you to the world
both in the waking state
and in the state of dream
dark eternal waters
sea of wine
you exist to remind us
that existence itself
is abundant
with its own mysteries

***

- 3/21/2025

132.

Money always
reduces down to a concept
that isn't real
it disappears
into nothing
except that is
for the concept of it
coins are metal
made into little circles
dollars are pieces
of paper
gold is an element
what can these things
do for you
without the concept
that goes with them
a gold bar
could be used
as a paperweight
I suppose
coins aren't good
for much of anything
paper money
can be made
into spitballs
but the bills
are too small
for any kind
of good paper airplane

***

- 3/23/2025

Speak
speak with a voice
that finds
the inner mind awake
and accepting of these visions
that drift upon
the morning air
full of essence
of sea and salt
full of essence
of the Sun
which is soon to shine
over the horizon
when the hourglass
has read its passage
and fulfilled its obligation
hear the voice
that is only heard
in that garden
conjured by
your imagination
so many visions
drift upon the air
in that glow
of the sky
just before the sunrise

***

- 3/21/2025

134.

This night is still
and full of obsidian words
there upon the horizon
I can now see
the smallest trace
of light
it is the future glowing
not quite yet
revealed to me
still but a faint
point of light
there on the horizon
as the wind now breathes
its essence of disjointed time
these obsidian words
mingle with the soil
and the light
shall shine so much brighter
when the stars yield
their ascension
in the firmament above
that is endless

***

- 3/21/2025

135.

I often try and remember
the times
before these times
of animosity
I recall something of them
I truly do
they had a kind
of essence about them
that was very different
a mystique
something magical even perhaps
or maybe they really didn't
maybe I'm just
wishful thinking
getting older now
and becoming prone
to such kind of thinking
I suppose
this might be the case
yet if I had
to wager on it
I would say.... yes
there was at least
something
closer to magical
back in those days
you could feel it
in the air
maybe I couldn't
recognize it back then
but looking back now
it was unmistakable

***

- 3/26/2025

136.

Magic and Wine : 3/22/2025

Moon of light
and shadow
Moon of reflection
and mirage
Moon that does not
speak to me with words
but with waves of light
and silent music
Moon that I
have wandered
in the night to find
Moon of a thousand stories
Moon of a thousand songbirds
then shall I go
walking among
the pine trees
the sandy trails
the Moonlight
the Moonlight
chalice of
ancient atmosphere
the celestial light
flows down to us
like magic and wine

***

- 5/22/2025

We'll go looking
for our own way
the brightest way
for us to reach
our own island
in this vast sea
of false illusion
and confused epiphany
we'll go looking
for our own way
to reach our peace
and our solitude
and I know
that we'll find it
we shall be taken to it
by those with wings
it will be the brighter way
brighter than
we could have imagined

***

- 3/22/2025

138.

A little bit
of the essence of a rose
is carried upon
the wind tonight
in this land of Moonlight
where I dwell in silence
the essence of the rose
in the summer night
in a room of solitude
with the window wide open
my thoughts and dreams
drifting through
out into the night air
up to the stars of eternity
the essence of a rose
has found me
it seeks to fill
the many voids within me
the abyss
where so many
unfulfilled longings
descend through the essence
of a single rose
they return to me
to be created anew
to be rediscovered again
in the land of Moonlight
where I dwell in silence

***

- 3/22/2025

139.

I behold
something most unsettling
on the horizon
it looks like
one of those surreal
apocalyptic paintings
of Bosch
in fact
I think it just
might be
and what can I say
out here
on my balcony
with my coffee
and a cigarette
we've finally
made it happen
we've made
the disturbed visions
of Bosch
come alive
we've messed things up
so bad
that this became inevitable

***

- 3/22/202025

140.

From this shore
from this island
from this sea
vision of another world
and then another
until I behold three
three worlds
three Suns
shining like beacons
of music and philosophy
from this shore
from this island
from this sea
there are many
more paths to follow
to a future of light
I can see
from this vantage
I can see

***

- 3/22/2025

141.

Night of the night's soul
night of the night's eyes
stray cats
wandering down alleyways
ravens on tree branches
waiting for the moment
I can surmise
nothing's going on
but for the routine cycle
of a world gripped
by madness
it gets televised
and saturates
the minds of many
and now how
our golden Sun
looms like
an ominous sphere
many of us believe
that we'll have
a better chance
by sticking our head
in the sand
some of us
don't even really relate
to being on
the planet anymore
and the vipers
will sing
only silently
and the cats and dogs
exchange
suspicious glances
and the Universe
will go on
pretty much everything
will go on
except for that feeling
we once knew
it's far too late
for that one

***

- 3/23/2025

Echoes in the Wind : 3/23/2025

Let us cast
a thousand echoes
into the ocean
they will either
sink or drift
fate is an enabler
of random chance
let us bury
a thousand poems
in the sand
of a desert
no flower or tree
will grow
from where they lie
yet they will create
echoes in the wind
that speak to us
in verse

***

- 3/23/2025

143.

Bright Like a Pearl :

The Moon
The Moon
is up there high
bright like an ornament
in the April sky
I'm just sitting
smoking my pipe
trying not to think
I won't drink
I won't drink
I won't bring back
those stormy days
it's all about the power
to not think
not think
when the situation demands
it's all about
the ability
to let the world
go on by
and just sit here
smoking my pipe
gazing up at the Moon
bright
bright like a pearl
up there
in the sky tonight

***

- 3/23/2025

I can believe
if I wish
in the echoes of destiny
in hearing the echoes
of destiny
of hearing the echoes
of a distant future
I believe that
a vision of the future
can sometimes be found
can sometimes be taken
from the Sunrise
I believe that destiny
goes about
in the forest
most quietly
the serenity there
is pleasing to its nature
I believe many things
about destiny
all of them
hypothetical speculation

***

- 3/24/2025

145.

It is true
I have placed
my belief in fools
partly out of ignorance
partly out of blindness
partly out of desperation
I have placed my belief
in fools
who could not even hide
that they were fools
they simply
could not conceal
their fool nature
and it shone bright
like a fool's beacon light
illuminating the way
for those that wish to say
"there most certainly is a fool"

***

- 3/24/2025

146.

There are occasions
when I am wishing
for the dream
to continue on
after I awake
for sometimes
I would rather
cloak myself
in the wonders
of a dream
than go about
in this world
without feeling
any of the wonder there
without seeing the light
of a dream sky
there are occasions
when I would simply prefer
to remain drifting
upon the clouds of a dream
than to deal with
all that I
would rather not
deal with this day

***

- 3/24/2025

147.

I am building
a tower of books
beside where I read them
my tower of books
is ever climbing
is ever reaching higher
one day
I dream of it reaching
Alpha Centauri
one day
it shall reach beyond
the blue sky
my tower of books
may indeed
be a fool's venture
but even fools
must venture
every now and again
when we feel
compelled to
yet we know not why

***

- 3/25/2025

148.

I try to bring illumination
to where it has grown
dark and shrouded
in fog
I try to bring
the candle
the lantern
to those places
where it is hard to see
true direction
I try to bring
a little
from that well of light
that well of enchantment
and philosophy
those places
where a dark night
has positioned itself
to remain
I try to bring
a little light
to those places
so that at least
a little bit of light
can be found there
a little bit
of true philosophy
will remain

***

- 3/25/2025

149.

Another day
of the dice
being rolled
not coming out
the winner
another day
of the news channels
telling me about
a dysfunctional world
another day
of pearls being plundered
from the ocean
another day of commotion
living on a world
circling
a great big fireball
in the vastness of time
perhaps infinity
perhaps it's all
just someone's dream
my mind ponders
such things sometimes
for no good reason

***

- 3/25/2025

150.

Let us light up
the night
with sparklers
we've imagined
lets go out
in the ocean
on a boat
and follow
the setting Sun
let us always try
and be with the light
stay with the brightness
let us always
stay on the journey
of following the Sun
always

***

- 3/25/2025

151.

The shining
city on a hill
sank into a swamp
and the Moon
shines bright still
nothing can change that
nothing can erase that
the Moon doesn't need us
but we need the Moon
the Moon
makes us crazy sometimes
but we need it anyway
we laugh
and sing
and drink
and forget
but sometimes
we also remember
when the Moon is bright

***

- 3/25/2025

Wandering out
into the morning
wandering out
into the early light
that I feel
seeks to reveal
something to us
if we have forgotten
the past
the early morning Sunlight
keeps it for us
it's hidden there
and the early light
seeks to reveal it
we must simply remember
how to look for it
and how to see it
when the moment is right
we must look
straight into the light
and see what we've forgotten

***

- 3/26/2025

Now it is the hour
of the morning bird
I listen
I stop and listen
their songs
have much to say
interpret them
as you will
these songs
are full of wisdom
they reflect
on what has gone before
and the way
things are today
one would do well
to stop and listen
at least for a few moments
in the hour
of the morning bird

***

- 3/26/2025

Now it is the hour
of the morning bird
I listen
I stop and listen
their songs
have much to say
interpret them
as you will
these songs
are full of wisdom
they reflect
on what has
gone before
and the way
things are today
one would do well
to stop and listen
at least for a few moments
in the hour
of the morning bird

***

- 3/26/2025

155.

Sitting here
smoking my pipe
trying
to ignore
the world
trying to disappear
into this quiet room
and the world
is out there
beyond my door
with its noise
with its calamity
with dystopia
on the horizon
with bells and whistles
going off
but the warnings
seem in vain
what is one to do
but listen
to the birds sing
but they won't be back
till morning
and I'm here
alone tonight
with the shadows
and the memory
of the many Sunrises
that I've seen

***

- 3/26/2025

156.

Obscurity
is growing
like vines
climbing up the walls
the daffodils
are reciting poetry
the clever one listens
the Moon
will swing back
around tonight
and brighten
a cornfield somewhere
many will cry out
for a Caesar
thinking they see
golden eagles
in the sky
but it was only seagulls
conspiring
to decorate
your windshield

***

- 3/26/2025

157.

I wish that I had
something to proclaim
something
that could inspire
something to illuminate
something
to start the fire
I wish that I had
something to remember
and something to forget
but each day
is just the same
I don't know who to blame
myself
or the crooked system
the crooked way
that things are
I don't know
what to say
the words just seem
to disappear
into the walls
we keep on
searching for laughter
amidst all the ruins
amidst all the fiddle music
as civilization
is sinking down
I wish that I had
something to proclaim
something to inspire
but the hour is late
and there we can see
a fiddler fiddling
among the ashes

***

- 3/26/2025

158.

Eternity
was once a wish
that I wished for
now I wish
for an extra day
off of work
and to walk
along the sea
walking along the sand
imagining pirate
and viking ships
out there on the horizon
that don't really exist
and soon I'll be
waiting for Andromeda
to reveal her eyes
I'll be waiting
for the sky
to become a window
through which to view
the celestial sea
I once wished for

***

- 3/26/2025

Filled with
memories of the ocean
it is there
by the sea
the memory of it
that I can truly sense
the time
beyond this time
that we perceive
day to day
there is another time
another time out there
a time
a time
beyond this time
it is time
that mingles
with the eternal ocean

***

- 3/27/2025

I will go into the west
into the illumination
of the twilight
the world will go on
sometimes
everything will seem
a mess
sometimes it will seem
like the castle
cannot stand
for much longer
on occasion
words will be wasted
when ears do not
wish to listen
and by then
I will be
where it is always twilight
where the sky is aflame
with light and color

***

- 3/27/2025

161.

Going to be late
for the job today
but the concern
is just not there for me
I'm sipping coffee
and reading the poems
of a modern prophet
cars are going
back and forth
down my street
the birds are signing
they know
that a Sunny eternity
awaits them
and my boss may call
but I'll ignore him
the coffee taste delicious
sometimes
when you reach
the end of something
you can see before you
a new beginning
and the Sun
is climbing higher
in the morning sky
the songs of the birds
are full of inspiration
reading these poems
I reflect and can see
the world has been waiting
for the next prophet
of radiant words

***

- 3/27/2025

162.

We fried our brains
on too many ideologies
too many ideas
of how to create
the perfect society
we cast too many
of our wishes
into the night
and they returned to us
envenomed
by the darkness
we've read too many books
written by the dreamers
of too many nightmares
far too often
we listened to the words
of those who saw hope
in the essence of something
that was never
realized to begin with
yes ..... too many ideologies
like they were
shots of tequila
we always knew
that there was a chance
that the chaos
would take possession
of our souls
but we could not resist
the false light
the false brightness
the essence of the flames
of words and ideas

***

- 3/27/2025

The Saints are Held Accountable :

The saints are held
accountable
for their actions
in this day in age
they'd better have
the proper documents
in order
for the great seeing eye
pretends to know all
with fancy gadgets
and technology
while down
on the boardwalk
seagulls
still crap
wherever they please
reminding
the great seeing eye
that some things
are just written
in the stars

***

- 3/28/2025

I Serve the Future :

I serve the future
what I hope will be
a better one
a future of wonder
a future when we
can truly feel
a little starlight
within our souls
I serve the future
through whatever hardship
through whatever disappointment
may befall me
in the present time
I stay the course
I keep the beacon light lit
I never allow the dream
to completely fade away
for it is the future I serve
for it is the future I seek

***

- 3/29/2025

165.

It all seems
to become unthreaded
when the greed
hits a certain point
and here we go
the circus
has come to town
and spread
like wildfire
it's everywhere now
the clowns are truly
with us now
down every street
in the space between
each other
and our lost ambitions
it all seems
to become unthreaded
when what was
no longer
seems comparable
to the here and now
I've wandered this land
under a cruel Sun
I've walked among
the dwindling enchantments
of our time
I've seen the way
things are going
I've crawled through
all the hopelessness
to catch an immaculate Sunrise
out in the forest

***

- 3/28/2025

166.

I am looking
for the star
I can escape to
high up there
far from all
the madness down here
I am looking
for the star
in the night sky
where I can escape to
and be away
from the bitter words
the pothole filled streets
the venom
of the vipers
in fancy clothes
I'm looking up at
the immaculate star
for that star
where I can escape to
where I can believe
in something again
I am looking
for that star up there
that shines with such
an inviting light

***

- 3/30/2025

There are radio pirates
out there still
to this day
reaching out
beyond horizons
reaching out
beyond thresholds
to the stars
there are radio pirates
out there still
where you were not looking
where you would not
expect them to be
the tattered sails
of an old idealism
rise in the winds
they are out there still
to this day
the radio pirates
remembering
what you did not remember
sailing upon the airwaves
of the radio sky

***

- 3/30/2025

168.

The feathers of a bird
are a curious sight
in the early morning light
shining through
a stain-glass dream
and how we see it
is of much importance
do we pay little mind
or do we stop
for even a few
brief moments
and view the world differently
what I ask
may we find
when vines are climbing
towards the hourglass
what would we find
when the Sundial
gives us
an emerald shadow
would we find it
such a vision
that the feathers of a bird
may weave in the air

***

- 3/31/2025

169.

A Song of Stars : 3/31/25

What vapor is this
that clings now
green as clover
to the nightly meadow
what breath unknown
does here linger ominous
what meaning
can these ancient
eyes of mine acquire
what song
through this vapor emerges
what stars aflame
I do hear such lyrics
speaking of celestial fire
in this madness
have I seen
all my brighter days
cast upon wind
like dandelion remembrance
has my tranquility
been cast forever
into nocturnal shadow
into night shrouded dominion
green as a clover of spring
a blade of grass
of the field
and through it I do hear
a song of stars

***

- 3/31/2025

By the star
by the starlight
you'll see
the garden
where your dreams have grown
as the flowers grow
by the star
by the starlight
by the edge of the sea
do you listen
do you hear
the mermaid's voice
has her voice
found that place within you
where your memories
are as ripples in water

***

- 3/31/2025

Morning .... grey
with a sudden fury
the opening of my eyes
it shall be
a day of the dogs
bitter sweet
a rain drop of remorse
upon my vision within
there she is
I see her
one who laughed
one who got
inside the gate
in my youth
when ravens told me
many a thing
omens .... dark clouds
yet to be
yet I was oblivious
staring into atmosphere
of blue and radiant wonder
full of that
which may make
a youth naive

***

- 4/1/2025

Indeed this day
we shall lament
upon the flip of a coin
and what of chance
what of chance
is it as the wind
the wind of a dream
what chance
and what of fate's altar
shall be revealed
and but a year ago
I was myself
gripped by a wicked wind
a vision filled
shroud of mist
then to hear
the double tongues speaking
and then ..... and then
did a stray thought
appear before me
wickedly .... I could not say
yet did it illuminate
yet did it indeed illuminate
some small patch
of leeward garden
within my very soul
some small oasis of flowers
that this soul of mine
may yet conjure
with radiance

***

- 4/1/2025

173.

Awaken .... awaken
let us drift
as the stars drift
across the celestial stage
let us displace ourselves
from this place
of greed and detachment
let us at last
open our eyes
to a more graceful sky
at last let us bid
this kingdom's vanity farewell
let us seek
the bright radiance
of a different star
one that fills our hearts
with yearnings of tranquility
by its radiance

***

- 4/2/2025

Now it is the day
the day it is
when I will hear them
the voices of our land
the voices of our age
the multitudes
faintly .... as if
off in the distance
yet .... they will sound
like thunder
it shall be as if
arenas from long ago
rose up once more
from the soil and sand
now it is the day
the day it is
when we shall look
upon the stars
and we shall look
upon the stars
and we shall know
within our hearts
that there be
other kingdoms there
the day it is
when the dawn
shall appear ancient
yet full of light
of tomorrow's yet to be

***

- 4/2/2025

175.

Here is the window
to the world
that words may create
for words may give
breath to the stillness
and from the stillness
what a wind
may be summoned
what dreams of flowers
of radiant dawn
shall dance upon
the morning air
here is the time
when the solitary candle
is brightest
though not needed
from a glowing flame
of remembrance
comes forth from our souls
words that may enchant
an entire world

***

- 4/2/2025

176.

What would I say
to the hourglass
that keeps my days
and nights
in number and measure
what would I say
to that instrument
that counts down
to that dream
when fate shall rise
from over the horizon
what would I speak
to that which cannot
be sought after
or avoided
knowing that it would be
futile to speak at all
in that hour
when the hourglass
completes its purpose
I shall look upon
the blue sky
the clouds
feel the brightness
of the Sun
at the wonder that was
my time upon
the stage of this world

***

- 4/2/2025

177.

Now when the kingdom
has beheld such a twilight
what expressions
of our dreams
will continue on
will drift like
vapor of imagining
up into the celestial ocean
and onward
toward such distant stars
now when the kingdom
has seen a setting Sun
that reflects their weariness
it is such a time
between passing
yet bright recollection
these are such moments
to realize
that we are but adrift
upon a sea of time

***

- 4/2/2025

178.

It is a bleak morning
of cloud
rain
and solitude
yet I shall think upon
the countless Sunrises
that I've beheld
waking early
wandering
into the forest
to see the light
of a new day
as it first pierces
the heavens
out in the forest
where time itself
feels more sacred to me
where tranquility
is in the very mist
and so many
the Sunrises I've seen
they have given
my time in this world
a jewel for the memory
such sights
of the dawn's splendor
just the mere memory
shines through
these grey clouds
this bleakness
with radiance
like none other

***

- 4/3/2025

By news from this world
my mind is cast
to the winds
scattered without
any composure of reason
I do destain these days
when the omens are ill
were that it be now
like one single day
of Sun and such brightness
as in my youth
yet now these winds
seem full of
misfortune's heralds
thorns arisen
from bitter soil
if I could
but be away
from all worldly news
except for that
of the birds
that sing in praise
of the morning's serenity

**

180.

Dream of Deserts : 4/3/2025

It is an hour
when the crow
has seen into
the soul of me
all that is there
all that is there
lies before
this dark bird of prophecy
his call echoes
into the depths
the labyrinths
the psyche
the chambers within
where so many memories
have slept
for I have wished it
I have wished them lost
in the voids
that I hold within myself
it is the hour
when your eyes
are as a million years
of ritual perfected
and I know not
if I can even awaken now
from this ceaseless
dream of deserts
from reddish Moons
from stars that enchant
the stirrings of lunacy
from within
from this abyss
of reflection
in the fierce wind
from this ceaseless
dream of deserts
that I've known
for so long

***

- 4/3/2025

181.

Give me illusion
or give me truth
neither shines
like a fair day's Sun
in these times
neither sings
of a joyous wonderment
when Fool's Gold
is as rampant
as a sea-fog
deliver me now
I wish to dance
upon my own
wishes of reprieve
of solitude
let us from
the starless night flee
and towards the night
of flowing starlight ascend
let us seek
our own reflection
in a still pond
and ask of it
the truth
of worldly words
and shadows
as I do believe
as I do crave
the silence
of a winter's midnight

***

- 4/3/2025

182.

I believe in a dream
of flowing Sunlight
with glaring words
that awaken dormant philosophies
I believe in a dream
of a pearl in a sea
that has never known of one
a sea that anoints the land
with a sea-fog
that enchants those
unaware of the approaching hour
of sand ..... of salt
and the sight of constellations
I believe that
the thought of it all
may be most immaculate
as it was summoned forth
from the glittering winds
of immaculate cosmos
was it not

***

- 4/3/2025

183.

Where shall I look
to see the light
of time yet to be
where shall I look
to see the first light
of a dawn
that shall not break
over the horizon
for another thousand years
to which mountain
to which plateau
should I go
to hear the voices
in the wind
that shall not speak
for another thousand years
where shall I go
to find the words
of a future time
where shall I go
to hear the poetry
that shall not be written
for another thousand years

***

- 4/4/2025

184.

Be this the first sight
of what a star may dream
is this an hour
that has fallen off
a comet's trail
and filled the very
expanse before us
with splendor
is this the first light
of an ill omen
that has been reborn
and made into epiphany
as the sparrows
wildly dream while singing
anoint us now
sky of morning
while we are awakened
to the truer world

***

- 4/4/2025

185.

Here upon the shore
this edge
of rumbling dominion
by sparkling sea
I let loose these words
that appear as visions
within this mind's
own cascade
of flowing exhilaration
let loose these words
into salted air
the very breath
of deep fathoms
bound and entranced
as I find myself to be
by that music
of the wave
and the wave
and the wave
reaching its final destiny

***

- 4/4/2025

186.

Truer horizon
a truer horizon
I can see
if I go out early
if I go early enough
to the edge of the sea
and look out beyond
and there it is
not always bright necessarily
yet never does it
appear false to me
it is the horizon
which time itself
makes noble
such trickery
it may seem to play
with your eyes
yet it is no trickery
it is the dance
of time itself
the dance of moments
upon waves
it is the dance
of illumination
that transcends the ages

***

- 4/5/2025

187.

Give us
little musings
from the fire
give us such visions
from the flame
what we are
waiting for
is a brighter dawn
of tomorrow
to appear
before us today
what we wish to know
is that time
has given us a ladder
from which we may ascend
give us such little musings
give us such glaring light
of the stars
that we've imagined
tomorrow's horizon
that we've seen
and now cannot forget

***

- 4/5/2025

188.

The absurd
is a real
and true light
that the world conjures
from its own
fragmented hallucinations
I ..... for myself
would wish to know
that time
is following a path
to an obscure
yet undeniable serenity
though we may
shine our own light
through the fog
the absurd is capable
of doing this as well
for these many lights
that we see
horizon to horizon
we must look
straight into them
and liberate ourselves
from the spell
that the absurd
has cast upon our days

***

- 4/5/2025

189.

Let us go
and make wishes
while the Moon is bight
let us go
and dance upon
the fog covered sea
the fog is enchantment
vapor of visions
the fog is time itself
and we wander through it
as we have always
wandered through it
from this fog
is heard
the songs of the mermaids
there is a key difference
the time that we
have always known
throughout our lives
can and does
on occasion
give us a little
epiphany of magic
yes it is never enough magic
to sweep us up
and carry us
to a plateau of dreams
it is true
that we must reawaken
something within ourselves
we must find
a source of magic
that is infinite
this much is very true
so I know it

***

- 4/6/2025

190.

I wonder now
where I am drifting to
under this imagined Sun
I wonder now
where is the seashell
that I may carry with me
onto this new shore
there ..... do you see
there ..... that glowing
upon the horizon
it shall be
but momentarily
I shall go there
I shall bring
this vessel ashore
walk upon sand
that shall take me
to the new dream of light
I shall see
within celestial reflection
that which awaits the world

***

- 4/6/2025

191.

The future
must be thought of
in a new way
and a new way
must be thought of
to achieve the future
some small essence
of what we may ponder
the infinite to be
is there among
the bright stars
on a clear night
it is not
the infinite of course
only a reflection of it
as close as we may find
here .... in this world
that is until
we are able to ponder
the future
in a new way

***

- 4/6/2025

192.

Let us go
into this musical wind
and dance ..... carefree
not knowing anything
about the collision
of galaxies
how many
forget to ponder
that the cities
of this world
were built
under the stars
how many
pursue a dream
forgetting that
it was touched
by the Moon
let us go
into this musical wind
let us walk
among seashells
let us go
to where radio transmitters
speak poetry
across lightyears

***

- 4/6/2025

* - These poems were broadcast into the Astral Realms
via Cosmic HAM Radio at Atlantia Station
Jersey Shore, in 2025